UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

The Myth and the Minister

By FRANCIS NEILSON

A Dedication at Lincoln Centre

By SUSAN QUACKENBUSH

A Golden Travel Year

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

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IN

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Contents:

EDITORIAL—
Notes.—J. H. H. 307
The Myth and the Minister.—Francis Neilson 309

CONTRIBUTED—
A Dedication at Lincoln Centre.—Susan Quackenbush 312
A Golden Travel Year.—J. T. Sunderland 314

SELECTED—
Contemporary English and American Poetry.—*John Haynes Holmes* 317

CORRESPONDENCE—
The Terrible Lord Fisher.—Rev. Charles F. Dole 318

POETRY—
Comfort.—*Lewis Morris* 307

THE FIELD—
Poetry Readings at Lincoln Centre 319
Ireland and Belgium 319
Write to Congressmen 319

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXVI THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1921 NUMBER 20

COMFORT.

Tho' love be bought and honor sold,
The sunset keeps it glow of gold,
And round the rosy summits cold
The white clouds hover, fold on fold.

Tho' over-ripe the nations rot,
Tho' right be dead and faith forgot,
Tho' one dull cloud the heavens may blot,
The tender leaf delayeth not.

Tho' all the world lie sunk in ill,
The bounteous autumns mellow still,
By virgin sand and sea-worn hill
The constant waters ebb and fill.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise:
"It is the meaner part that dies."

—*Lewis Morris.*

The present situation in Europe presents an impressive sermon on the text that "all are members of one body." France is resolved that Germany shall pay the pound of flesh exacted by the Treaty of Versailles. She is determined, in other words, that Germany, and of course Austria, shall be destroyed. She is stupidly or obstinately blind to the fact that the destruction of Germany involves her own destruction—that she herself cannot live economically unless the peoples of the Central Empires are speedily assisted to rehabilitation of their shattered fortunes. The nations of Europe, that is to say, are absolutely dependent upon one another. If one suffers, they all suffer; if one prospers, they all prosper. Like the organs of the physical body, each can live only as the organism is strong and whole in every part. The Europeans, in other words, are a single people. Their divisions are superficial; their unity, each with all and all with each, is the one reality. The War in essence was a civil war; and a peace which shall endure must be a peace which over-rides all national border-lines and economic barriers, and treats the continent as a single human entity. It is this which the government of France cannot, or will not, see. It is not too much to say today that the settlement of Europe, and ultimately the salvation of modern civilization, depends upon the acceptance by France of a restored Germany. If she insists upon carrying on the war to its relentless conclusion, she will wreck Germany, herself, and all mankind. Religion, after all, has something which it can teach to statesmen.

Guatemala, we read, has cut down her army two-thirds, and reduced her military expenditures proportionately. O, to be a citizen of a small nation, and thus to share in the blissful advantages of exclusion from so-called world affairs! We remember hearing Mr. John Graham Brooks, some years before the War, raise the question, as to who were the happiest people in the world; and answer it, by naming the Danes, and next to them the Switzers. These nations, Denmark and Switzerland, are unburdened by armaments, unvexed by secret diplomacy and far-flung imperialistic adventures, undisturbed by "wars and rumors of wars." Too insignificant to compete with the great powers for influence and mastery, too petty even to indulge in such a luxury as "national honor," they are left entirely free to devote themselves to the welfare and happiness of their people. Even in the Great War, these little countries were spared, in so far as any Europeans anywhere were spared, the horrors of that universal cataclysm. All of which means that bigness, greatness, numbers, wealth, power, are not such blessings, after all! We congratulate and envy our friends in Guatemala. We wish that our country, like theirs, were altogether delivered, even at the cost of half her wealth and all her greatness, from the madness of armaments.

The statement issued on January 8th by the Chicago Commission on Race Relations, in anticipation of its full report soon to be published, is one calculated to stir interest and confidence in the findings of this important body. It shows that thirty conferences have been held, at which 175 persons "believed to have special information and experience," were heard at length; and that during all the eleven months of its life, the Commission has had a staff of expert investigators in the field covering the six main subjects of inquiry—namely, racial clashes, racial contact, housing, industry, crime, and public opinion. When the thorough nature of this study is considered in the light of the character and attainments of the men who compose the Commission, we are perhaps warranted in believing that the forthcoming Report will mark an epoch in the history of the race question in America. Especially do we commend the closing sentence of the Commission's statement, that "right relations between the races . . . can be attained only through a more intelligent appreciation by both races of the gravity of the problem, and by their earnest efforts toward a better mutual understanding and a more sympathetic co-operation." The Chicago Commission on Race Relations will have served not only Chicago but the entire nation if its work justifies the promise of this preliminary statement.

It is evident enough that the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act are being poorly enforced. The inability or unwillingness of the government to stop the illicit traffic in alcoholic liquors, is a scandal of the first order. The popular inference, however, from this fact of non-enforcement—that prohibition is a failure!—is very far from being true. Thus, it is pointed out by the Anti-Saloon League, in a recent statement, that whisky consumption in the United States decreased from 89,641,985 gallons in 1917 to 5,581,553 gallons in 1920. Also, that the consumption of alcohol decreased from 71,081,121 gallons to 22,639,355 gallons, while beer consumption dropped from 60,817,379 to 9,231,280 barrels! "A conservative estimate," says the League, "shows that the people of the United States have saved more than $1,000,000,000 previously spent for beverage intoxicants." Such figures indicate clearly that the liquor problem is still with us. They also show, however, that we are making amazing progress in the solution of this tremendous problem. Prohibition *does* prohibit! Not all at once, for no gigantic reform, changing the customs and traditions of the centuries, can achieve a miracle in the twinkle of an eye! But steadily and surely the people's will begins to express itself, and thus sets in motion that vast process of social change which is destined eventually to achieve its end. There can be no complete victory short of a generation, at least. But when the children now being born into the world have come to maturity, there will be no liquor question. It will have disappeared along with those who understand the great ideal of liberty solely in terms of the right of a man to drink a glass of beer!

A recent report of the United States Census Bureau states that the steady drift of population to the cities, so impressively revealed in the census of 1910, is still going on. Indeed, the figures for 1920 show that, for the first time in the country's history the balance of population is now in favor of the towns. Our country population, in other words, is now less than our city population. Some statisticians, alarmed at the meaning of these figures, profess to believe that the census of 1920 revealed an abnormal and temporary distribution of population. The War, they argue, upset things here, as everywhere else; and hundreds of thousands of men, snatched from the country districts by the mobilization of soldiers and workers, and not yet returned, are bound eventually to find their way back to the farms. Such reasoning, to our minds, is absurdly superficial. For decades past, the drift of population in America to the cities, has been going on; and it was long since possible to prophesy, with a good deal of accuracy, the day when the nation would pass definitely from country to city life. That day, perhaps hastened a bit by the War, is now here, and signifies momentous things. Whether it means what the same phenomenon meant to ancient Rome, may not be certain. But that the prospect is uncheerful, must be admitted even by the most optimistic among us.

The U. S. army intelligence tests reveal certain exceedingly significant facts in regard to the mental character of the conscientious objectors against war, the last of whom have so recently been released from prison. Official reports give to us the information that 4½ per cent of all the drafted men in the army were of "very superior intelligence"; 9 per cent, of "superior intelligence"; 16½ per cent, of "high average intelligence"; 25 per cent, of "average intelligence"; 20 per cent, of "low average intelligence"; 15 per cent, of "inferior intelligence"; and 10 per cent, of "very inferior intelligence." That is to say, 55 per cent of the drafted men were of "average intelligence" or more; while 45 per cent, or nearly one-half of the total number, were of "low average intelligence" or less. Of the commissioned officers in the United States army, during the War, 97 per cent were of "average intelligence" or more; and of these, 48 per cent were rated as of "very superior intelligence." Only 3 per cent of the officers were of "low average intelligence" or less. Now how about the conscientious objectors? These men were submitted to the same tests as those which were applied to army men generally, with the result that 82 2/10 per cent of these objectors were shown to be of "average intelligence" or better, and 39 3/10 per cent of these to be of "very superior intelligence." Only 18 per cent of the objectors were of "low average intelligence" or less. A comparison of these figures shows the interesting fact that the conscientious objectors were of a much higher average of intelligence than the ordinary drafted men with whom they were classified. Indeed, these conscientious objectors were so far above the average intelligence that they ranked only slightly below the commissioned officers, who were in every case, of course, picked men. We have no intention of drawing any extravagant conclusions from these figures, but we may be pardoned for believing that we are guilty of no exaggeration when we say that the men who protested against war were *not* mentally defective. It might even be safely argued that a high grade of intelligence, which implies also education, renders it progressively difficult for a man to participate in the business of "collective homicide."

Roman Catholic bishops announce the successful organization of a National Council of Catholic Men, in which all existing Catholic laymen's societies are to be federated. It is interesting to keep this announcemen in mind in connection with the proclamation of the Knights of Columbus, who form the heart of this new National Council, of their intention to continue on new and greater lines their campaign against radi-

calism and radicals. It is a long time since this country has seen such intolerance as the Knights of Columbus are manifesting in this crusade against the "Reds" so-called. Indeed, one has to return to the days when the Catholics themselves were under fire, and all kinds of reports were spread abroad about the Knights of Columbus as a seditious society, organized for purposes of armed rebellion against the United States government, to find anything to parallel the present activity of this body. One would think that Catholics themselves would know too well, from their own sad experience of persecution, to visit such persecution upon other men. But apparently they are as ready to ban the Socialists and Communists, as any Protestant of the A. P. A. type was ever ready to ban the Romanists; and see not at all that the violence and hate which they are stirring up against others, will sooner or later inevitably rebound upon themselves. Indeed, the Knights of Columbus need to look no further than Georgia and its new Senator, Tom Watson, to see what they are preparing for the Catholic world in this country. Intolerance is like fire in dry underbrush—once started it leaps madly from place to place, and works havoc in all directions. As one who has no prejudice against Catholics and would gladly have them enjoy every freedom of worship and opinion, we strongly advise, as the price of their own safety, that the Knights of Columbus cease attacking the loyalty of other men.

The Methodist Episcopal *World* announces the inauguration of a campaign "to stop the contemptuous treatment of Christian ministers by cartoonists, writers and actors." The Methodist brethren seem to be especially disturbed by the manner in which the Protestant clergyman is represented on the stage, and points out that "the Roman Catholic church does not tolerate such treatment of their priesthood." There is much to justify this complaint on the part of the Methodist church. Who of us does not recall the ridiculous curate who has for years figured in the English society drama—the man always courting favor with some rich dowager, always apologizing for the sins and foibles of the nobility, always lashing with the scourge of pharisaical scorn the poor and unfortunate offender against conventional morality! On the other hand, however, it is only fair to state that this "contemptuous treatment of the Protestant ministry" by our modern dramatists is by no means universal. We recall with a genuine spiritual thrill the figure of John Storm in Hall Caine's play "The Christian." We remember with enthusiasm the clerical hero of Henry Arthur Jones's play, "The Hypocrites." There is something sublime in the vicar, in Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House," who strips off his vestments and gives himself to "the work of a man." The real trouble with this situation, to our mind, is not that the clergyman is always presented as a weakling or a hypocrite, but that he is usually presented as a mere professional type. He is either utterly contemptuous or else is a hero of veritably seraphic character. Whether wholly bad or wholly good, the stage clergyman is usually bereft of every human characteristic. In the overwhelming majority of cases he is presented as an out-and-out lay-figure, decked with contemptuous vices or superhuman virtues. What we need in this case is not a deliberate presentation of the clergyman in either a favorable or unfavorable light, but simply as the human being which he really is. Bernard Shaw, in his incomparably vivid characterization of the Rev. James Morell, in "Candida," has shown what is wanted.

The Myth and the Minister

Now that the vast majority of the British public are familiar with the facts concerning the causes of the war and the outbreak of hostilities, Mr. Lloyd George grasps the opportunity of making a liar of all his colleagues and himself by exploding the myth of the propagandists about Germany being solely responsible for the conflict. This master opportunist has no compunction whatever in doing a thing of this kind. Indeed anyone who is familiar with his political career can readily understand how he glories in upsetting the apple-cart and spilling all the fruit in the mud. No one connected with British politics has shown so keen a desire to wash dirty linen in public as David Lloyd George. It matters not whose political linen it may be—his own or someone else's. When he considers the fit and proper moment is come for lather and energy he can be counted on to give an exhibition that will make his friends and foes writhe with indignation.

It was Christmas time he selected for this last extraordinary feat. He declared, "No one at the head of affairs quite meant war at that stage" (August 1, 1914). "It was something into which they glided or rather staggered or stumbled." So the myth exploded, even in the mind of Lloyd George, and with that one statement he made a liar of every member of the cabinet that supported Asquith and Grey, and indeed a liar of every propagandist who worked in the service of the British government during the war. It was, however, not necessary for Mr. Lloyd George to tell the British people that there was no deliberate attempt on the part of Germany to force a European war, for we have had innumerable works since the armistice from the pens of British statesmen, generals and admirals describing in clear terms the secret preparation of the Allies which went on unceasingly for more than eight years before Germany violated Belgian territory. If it be true that confession is good for the soul, Lloyd George no doubt feels somewhat relieved, but whether

the relief will be enough to enable him to tell his French friends that the Treaty of Paris must be destroyed, and the political re-arrangement of Europe be reconsidered, is a matter that is left in doubt. Lloyd George never goes too far with his confessions, and no doubt he will proceed with caution this time, making the confession precede reparation by many moons. Yet it is difficult to understand how the Paris Treaty can be accepted by anyone—even the French of the type of Millerand and Foch and Tardieu. These people must know perfectly well what Lloyd George knows. Indeed we doubt very much whether any of the people that were directly connected with the conduct of the war from the beginning ever believed in the myth that Mr. Lloyd George has exploded.

When "How Diplomats Make War" was written in the winter of 1914, the writer was in possession of no information that was not accessible to every intelligent citizen in Great Britain or France. He never projected into a single sentence in that work a suggestion based on rumor. It is true it referred frequently to the knowledge of those "in the know," but based no theory on that knowledge nor did the writer rely on any evidence that was not contained in the parliamentary reports and the diplomatic documents and papers published by the Powers. Nevertheless what those "in the know" understood for years before the war broke out, and the information they possessed in July, 1914, was authentic, and nowhere in any work that has come from the pen of anyone directly concerned with the conduct of the war has this information since been controverted. Moreover, Lord French, Lord Fisher, Colonel Repington and Lord Loreburn have set their seal of substantiation upon all the work of preparation of the Allies and their secret naval and military engagements to one another. What are we to hear from Asquith and Grey after Lloyd George's confession? It will be exceedingly interesting to learn how these gentlemen defend themselves. In all probability they will be heartily glad to remain silent, or, at most, mutter, "Them's my sentiments," and retire. But what a loathsome business it has been from the first. What a tissue of lies, what a series of horrible blunders, what an atrocious aftermath! Decent men must be ashamed to look each other in the face.

What an utterly detestable system was raised in Europe by secret diplomacy, by armament-makers and concessionaires! When one stops to think of what the international gangs of powerful anarchists did in Europe, it fills him with horror. Think of the Steel Manufacturers Nickel Syndicate and the names and residents of the firms that controlled it:

> Cammell Laird & Co., England
> Vickers, Limited, England
> Armstrong Whitworth & Co., England
> Hadfields, Limited, England
> Wm. Beardmore & Co., Scotland
> Der Dillenger Co., Germany
> Krupps, Germany
> Compagnie des Forges, France
> Chatillon, France
> Schneider & Co., France
> Witzhowitzer Co., Austria
> Societa di Terni, Italy.

That business men can sit down meekly to conduct their affairs without a thorough knowledge of the ramifications of secret diplomacy is a colossal absurdity. When one considers how the international oil interests of the world were gaining control of the chancelleries of Europe, it staggers the imagination that intelligent taxpayers can be so dumb or numb to the real causes of this war. The information as to the operations of these international syndicates is in no closed book; indeed it can be read by anyone that will take the trouble to go to a public library and seek out books that we have mentioned frequently in this paper. As an illustration of what governments are capable of doing, let us quote a statement made last summer by the well-known French politician André Tardieu:

> On 26 June, 1914, the British Government, after negotiations of several years, carried through by its ambassador at Constantinople, Sir Lucas Malet, had obtained from the Sultan, for the benefit of an English company, the Turkish Petroleum Company founded in March, 1914, the exclusive concession for petroleum discovered, or thereafter to be discovered, in the vilayets of Mosul and Bagdad. The Company consisted of seventy-five per cent British capital (the National Bank of Turkey, the D'Arcy group, the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company) and twenty-five per cent German capital (the Deutsche Bank).

Think of it! Two days before the Archduke was shot in Serajevo, and the British Foreign Office made this contract with German interests forty days before hostilities broke out. There it is. You never know where you are with these people. Only last summer M. Tardieu told the whole truth about this matter because it suited the purposes of the French Government. He said that the basis of the constitution of the Company was laid down in a protocol signed in the British Foreign Office in March, 1914, not only by the interested companies, but by Sir Eyre Crowe representing the British Government and Baron von Kühlmann representing the German Government. Lloyd George must have known all this. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer when the King in his speech from the throne to Parliament February, 1914, said:

> "My relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly. I am happy to say that my negotiations, both with the German Government and the Ottoman Government as regards matters of importance to the commercial and industrial interests of this country in Mesopotamia, are rapidly approaching a satisfactory issue, while questions which have long been pending with the Turkish

Empire in respect to regions bordering on the Persian Gulf are in a fair way towards an amicable settlement."

What then was the position? Why simply this, that in every Government in Europe there were two forces at work: the several members of the cabinet conducting the domestic affairs of the nation, in rare instances to the satisfaction of the taxpayers; and on the other hand, certain diplomatists, generals and admirals at the behest of international interests entering into secret treaties which could have no other outcome than war. Long before August, 1914, it was known pretty generally that there were two opposed camps in every Government in Europe, the one committing the other to obligations that filled the hearts of liberal-minded men with terror. When Lord Welby, who was permanent Secretary of the Treasury for ten years, retired, he said, "We are in the hands of an organization of crooks. They are politicians, generals manufacturers of armaments and journalists. All of them are anxious for unlimited expenditure and go on inventing scares to terrify the public and to terrify ministers of the Crown." It might be said that no one was better informed as to all of this than Lloyd George himself. He must have known in July, 1914, what he knows today. No one was really in a better position to know the whole facts than Lloyd George for he was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and indeed there is conclusive evidence that he knew what entangling alliances and secret treaties had brought about in Europe. In the London *Daily Chronicle* of January 1, 1914, he made a very clear statement as to the position. He said:

> Both countries seem to have realized what ought to have been fairly obvious long ago, that they have nothing to gain and everything to lose by a quarrel, and that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by reverting to the old policy of friendliness which had been maintained, until within recent years, for centuries between Germany and this country. . . . The German army is vital, not merely to the existence of the German Empire, but to the very life and independence of the nation itself, surrounded as Germany is by other nations each of which possesses armies almost as powerful as her own. We forget that, while we insist upon a 60 per cent superiority (so far as our naval strength is concerned) over Germany being essential to guarantee the integrity of our own shores—Germany herself has nothing like that superiority over France alone, and she has, of course, in addition, to reckon with Russia on her eastern frontier. Germany has nothing which approximates to a two-Power standard. She has, therefore, become alarmed by recent events, and is spending huge sums of money on the expansion of her military resources.

Now the man that made that statement must have known of the existence of the Franco-Russian secret treaty which laid it down that a mobilization on the part of one power was tantamount to a declaration of war. There is only one matter left out of that speech to make it a complete statement of the position, and that was the military engagement made secretly by the British-French, and Belgian military authorities to which Marshal Joffre referred in detail before the Metallurgic Committee in Paris eighteen months ago. What, then, is to be said of a man that found it convenient to bury his convictions for at least seven years while for most of the time he lent his support to a tissue of lies? When he says nobody on the first of August, 1914, quite meant war at that stage and that it was something into which they glided or rather staggered or stumbled, he gives one the impression of a lot of inebriated persons at the head of European civilization at a time when the taxpayers deserved nothing less than rational, sober, cautious leaders. What is to be done in a matter of this kind? Prohibition seems to us to be the only remedy. A measure having the whole-hearted support of the mass of the taxpayers prohibiting secret diplomacy would certainly go a long way towards restraining the activities of concessionaires and the operations of armament-makers and other makers of war.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

Religion

Jesus never once used the word "religion," so far as we have record—perhaps, because in his day, the word was so empty, formal and external—but always the word "life" instead. He came, he said, that men might have life, and have it more abundantly—life rich, free, sparkling, overflowing, eternal. With him whatever makes for a deeper, purer, truer, more radiant life is religious; whatever dwarfs, retards or pollutes life is irreligious. With him religion did not consist in a few acts, such as prayer, worship and solemn ritual word, but in the spirit, the faith, the motive and gesture with which we do everything; and today we are rediscovering his insight. For the first time men are learning that religion is not a hierocratic mystery or a social convention, but a power by which to live the day through more deeply, more bravely, more fruitfully. All things have become religious that have in them the hope of joy and growth; all days are holy which abound in health and usefulness; all tasks are sacred which bring opportunity and fellowship; and all things are from God which draw men together in good will and promote justice and beauty in the earth. Today we see that religion, so far from limiting and spoiling life, shakes the poison out of all our wild flowers, and reveals God in our motives and acts here on earth in every moment of time. Religion is no longer a thing apart from life; it is life itself at its best—the life of God in the soul of man, taking all the forms that love and duty and hope can take.

—*Joseph Fort Newton.*

The Christian Century.

CONTRIBUTED

A Dedication at Lincoln Centre

An unique and beautiful service took place in the auditorium of the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, on Friday evening, January twenty-first, when a memorial tablet to Jenkin Lloyd Jones and other founders of the Centre was dedicated. Mr. Francis Neilson presided over the meeting and addresses were made by John Haynes Holmes of New York City, Rabbi Emil G. Hirsch of Sinai Centre, Chicago, and Professor J. M. Artman, Associate Professor of Religious Education and Director of Vocational Training at the University of Chicago, the new director of the Abraham Lincoln Centre. A beautiful musical program occupied a portion of the evening, with Mr. Charles Lee Cocke, Jr., at the organ, Miss Bertha Kribben, violinist, and Mr. Hans Hess, celloist. Miss Jennie F. W. Johnson sang Markham's "Brotherhood" in her usual delightful manner. The opening prayer was made by Dr. Lewis B. Fisher of the Universalist Divinity School.

The origin of the bas-relief was explained by Mrs. Francis Neilson at the close of the program. Mrs. Jessie Shears-Carnovale, whom the older readers of UNITY will recall as the chairman of the first UNITY Endowment Fund, conceived the idea of having a bas-relief of Mr. Jones made and embodied in a memorial tablet to become a permanent part of the Lincoln Centre building. With difficulty she persuaded Mr. Jones, some three months before his death, to sit for the relief, and she secured the services of Mr. Albin Polasek, the well-known Chicago sculptor. With characteristic modesty, Mr. Jones insisted that the tablet must bear the names of the other founders of Lincoln Centre as well as his own. Mrs. Neilson spoke of the long-time devotion of Mrs. Carnovale to the interests and work of Mr. Jones and of Lincoln Centre, and of the many ways in which she had made his path easier in the earlier days of the work. The large audience present were regretful that illness prevented Mrs. Carnovale from attending the dedication service.

Rabbi Hirsch spoke of his long association with Mr. Jones, who came to Chicago in 1880, only a month before Rabbi Hirsch began his own work here. They had worked together on many lines for the betterment of Chicago and the liberalizing of religion. Mr. Jones had for some years been secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference and had borne the burden of that struggle to maintain the traditional freedom of the Unitarian denomination. "The Conference got its banner words from Mr. Jones, 'Character and Fellowship in Religion,' words that were the motto of UNITY, the one organ in which Jones set forth his views and fought his battles for freedom in religion."

Doctor Hirsch spoke of Mr. Jones's impatience of labels, quoting his oft-repeated phrase that "labels are libels," and pointing out that for him there was but one label and that was inclusive of all labels—the label of humanity. Referring to Lincoln Centre, Rabbi Hirsch said:

> He conceived the plan of creating a center. He was not content merely with a preaching pulpit and a worshipping congregation. He wanted a practicing pulpit and a congregation that gave its religion expression in deeds. So he added to All Souls Church a Center, and he chose the name of the great martyr president, who kept the nation united and sealed the union with his life, as the sanctifying name of this center.
>
> Here the divinity in man was constantly accentuated. The word "center" was chosen as significant; from it was to radiate an inspiring influence to the circumference. Here young people would find a chance to express their lives. Here culture would be honored; here mind would be developed, broader thoughts fostered, higher activities of modern life hospitably received.
>
> Many thought the idea chimerical. . . . But he succeeded nevertheless in erecting here a center to express the deeper implications of the religious life and the liberal viewpoint. He never lost faith in his ideal nor in himself. I am glad to say that the first subscriptions for this work came not from Christians but from Jews; they were among the first to heed his call as indeed he was always made one of our number. . . . We knew he preached the Judaism of Jeremiah and of Isaiah, but we can not quite follow him and lay aside our label, as he had laid aside his own Unitarian name, so long as the Jewish race is an object of hatred and persecution.

Rabbi Hirsch outlined the work of the Congress of Religions which was established at the suggestion of Mr. Jones, in order that some of the inspiration and spirit of the great World's Fair Parliament of Religions might be made permanent.

> Its ideal was identical with those he had embodied in All Souls Church and the Abraham Lincoln Centre, and though we never succeeded in vitalizing the Congress of Religion, its ideals live on in these and other institutions. We at Sinai Center lit our torch from Jones. This means that when we built our own Temple, we felt we must also have a Center and Sinai is just a little baby, glad to follow in the footsteps of Lincoln Centre.

After referring to Mr. Jones's lifelong interest in the causes of peace and internationalism, and his founding with Jane Addams and others the Chicago Peace Society, Rabbi Hirsch said:

> The saddest experience of his life was the outbreak of the war. He who had here so often preached about peace like a modern Isaiah and foretold the time when the "swords should be beaten into ploughshares and the spears into pruning hooks" found a great disillusionment when the overwhelming catastrophe of war broke on humanity. . . . But he had magnificent courage. He never forsook his constancy to all things that are high and noble. He kept insisting on just those same thoughts of love to all men regardless of race, sect or creed.
>
> His courage inspired us all. I had a message from Jones on his death-bed, a message of cheer and courage. At another time, a little earlier, when a storm of disfavor seemed to be against my continuing my work in Chicago, his voice came over the telephone: "Hirsch, stand by your record!" That was his message; he stood by his record and he was strong enough to stand alone.
>
> He felt that he and God were a majority. Jones was one of the conquering majority, though he seemed one of a hopeless minority. But the hopeless minorities of yesterday become the great majorities of tomorrow, and tomorrow we shall hail Jones as among the great leaders of a majority upstanding, conscious of its divinity, expressing its divinity in action to make conditions on earth such that every one shall have the right to enjoy his humanity.

Dr. Artman spoke of his new task of taking up the work laid down by Mr. Jones, with, he said, a feeling of profound humility, which was increased by the fact that he had known him and in some matters worked with him and had read his writings, especially the unpublished Lincoln manuscript, which had given him the impression that Lincoln was one of the great inspirations of Mr. Jones's life. "Just as Lincoln was true to humanity, so in every crisis Jenkin Lloyd Jones lived in terms of humanity."

"Abraham Lincoln Centre," said Professor Artman, "is going to carry on the torch that has been carried so long and well. I trust there will never be anything done here that will make for schism or for divisions among the human ranks. Lincoln Centre is going to have that abiding faith in the

common man that believes in the great possibilities inherent in every human soul.

"We know that every one can arise when given the conditions which make growth possible. This does not come through living alone but through association. There is a new science of living and we expect that at Lincoln Centre we ought to be somewhat well versed in knowledge of human life and in the science of human association.

"This will be a clearing house of human discoveries—a center where folks may come in contact with one another and where these contacts may cause the birth of new powers. We hope people may come and go here inspired by the life-giving spirit of Abraham Lincoln which was the origin of this institution, as further expressed by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

"We hope the spirit of Jones may go down through the generations that are to come as a continual fountain of blessing."

The closing words were said by the two editors of UNITY. Mr. Holmes spoke of the general principles and ideals which Mr. Jones and the Abraham Lincoln Centre stand for. He said that Mr. Jones and the institution belong together, the latter being, as Emerson puts it, "but the lengthened shadow of the man," and being here for one purpose—to memorialize this man and to radiate the inspiration and ideals of his long and noble career. Mr. Holmes declared it an easy task to recall these ideals and to remember the things to which this institution should be dedicated, for Mr. Jones was first of all a living protest against all the things that ravage mankind, a flaming prophet against all the boundary lines that divide men, a great emancipator who always protested and with all the energies of his great life fought against the things which divide the human family into warring factions.

This impression of Mr. Jones Mr. Holmes said he had gained the first time he ever heard him speak, many years ago before the Young People's Religious Union of the Unitarian Church at Boston, who had chosen him because he was as young in spirit as themselves. It is an unusual thing for one to recall in detail an address after a period of many years, yet Mr. Holmes remembered with the utmost distinctness Mr. Jones's vivid protest against the three evils of partisanship, patriotism and sectarianism—the partnership which, following the Civil War, divided the nation into Republicans and Democrats who hated each other, the patriotism which means Chauvinism and Jingoism, and shows its love of country by a hatred of other countries and an attempt to have its own nation favored at the expense of other nations, which fosters secret diplomacies and international wars, and a sectarianism which sets up boundary lines by which men are excluded.

Mr. Jones was a protest, a living flame that consumed the boundaries that separate men one from another, and he built this Centre which as long as it stands "four square to all the winds that blow," will be, I hope, a monument of protest against all divisions of creed and race.

He was not merely a protest, but a living prophet of something hoped for in the future. He had a shining hold of far ideals and he had a program by which those ideals could be reached. That program was brotherhood, the uniting of mankind, a coming together that would absorb all divisions. He dreamed so beautifully of brotherhood that his whole heart and soul went out to everything that gave promise of that for the future.

I doubt if anything ever so completely captured his imagination as did the Parliament of Religions, where he saw not merely the sects of Christendom but all the tribes of the world with their different prophets and bibles and gods assembled in one great hall to worship together the one God.

Mr. Jones not only protested against the wrong and fought for the right, but most important of all, he presented a method of progress. This was the greatest contribution, I always felt as I knew and loved him, of his life to the present generation. He answered the question, "What can we do?" "How can we live together so as to realize brotherhood?" The other day I read a report of a Christian minister answering the question of how Jews and Christians could live together, and with the usual naive assumption that the world belongs to the Christians he asserted there were three things that could be done; either to persecute and extinguish the Jews, or to tolerate and ignore them, or to convert them to Christianity. These are the solutions that occur to the average mind, but all these may well be put aside for the position so gloriously put forward by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who lifted himself altogether above the battle and made the great contribution of insisting upon an application of the principles of love. He believed that if men could know one another, that would remove the barriers and bring a crystallization of sympathy and understanding so that men would not willingly leave the haven of love. His was a lonely voice; the soul of a prophet was his. To his last hour he taught as Jesus taught that love was all powerful, and that under his constructive program of good will and brotherhood, the methods of barbarism and hatred and the barriers that separate men would die away.

Referring to the great opportunities that lie before Lincoln Centre, Mr. Holmes said:

I hope and believe that so long as this institution stands, no matter how the storms of hatred and suspicion may surge about it as the waves surge about a great lighthouse, this building will stand like the lighthouse, throwing the beams of brotherhood into the darkness of mankind, giving the same assurance of brotherhood and fellowship to all humankind. It is my hope that this building will be a living monument to this method of human relationship.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones won't care how long he may be remembered here, as we know; but how greatly he would care—how greatly he *does* care—that we should carry in our hearts the spirit that was his and keep faithful to its task and to his great work.

Mr. Francis Neilson, in closing the program, said that he always associated Mr. Jones with two great Englishmen whose greatness all now recognize but who, in their turn, suffered the hatred and abuse that always attacks the pioneer. He referred to John Bright, who was hated for his opposition to the Crimean War, but who, two years after the war, was acknowledged by the English people to have been right, and to Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, whose attitude against the Boer War was also justified two years later by his election to Parliament by the greatest majority ever accorded a Liberal.

"All the world," said Mr. Neilson, "loves a big man who stands unflinchingly by his principles. Jones was a strong man who never flinched, even in those last months. It is a beautiful thing to meet a man of principle who in a small minority stands, against all opposition, knowing he is right, knowing that if people only had full information they would come together. He was kind and generous enough to understand this and it was a very beautiful part of his character. The time will come when Chicago will realize that Jones was right and will rally around this place here, the monument of his work."

SUSAN QUACKENBUSH.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.

—*Selected.*

A Golden Travel Year

(In the Old Days before the Great War, when the World was Normal.)

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

How wonderful and how divine a gift to man, a year may be!

Jean Ingelow has given us a striking poem entitled "A Dead Year." It begins:

I took a year out of my life and story—
A dead year, and said, I will hew thee a tomb!
All the kings of the nations lie in glory;
Cased in cedar, and shut in sacred gloom;
Swathed in linen, and precious unguents old;
Painted with cinabar, and rich with gold
Silent they rest, in solemn salvatory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flitter-mouse—
Each with his name on his brow.
All the kings of the nations lie in glory,
Every one in his own house:
Then why not thou?

But the poet ends by finding that the year called dead, which he thought to array in so stately a fashion and lay away with the honored dead of the past, in reality is not dead, but most intensely alive; that she and it cannot be separated; and that if it is to be buried she must be buried with it. And so, wiser, she concludes her poem with the larger and truer thought:

I take thee, year, back to my life and story;
Life doth make thy grave her oratory;
The crown is still on thy brow.

Besides the *ordinary* years which make up, and in the nature of things must make up, the chief part of all human life, sometimes God in his rich providence of good, drops down to us out of heaven an *extraordinary* year—as it were a red letter year—a golden year—a June among the years—a year which, because of its extraordinary experiences, overtops the other years which precede and follow it somewhat as those high and majestic waves of the sea which the sailors call "rollers" overtop the smaller waves before and after; a year which takes some such commanding place among the other years of our lives as the age of Pericles, or that of Elizabeth, takes in the history of Greece or of England.

It has been my fortune—I think it was a good fortune—to have fall into my life two *travel-years*—travel years in the old normal times before the Great War—when great tragic world-matters were not constantly startling one like suddenly fired guns, or beating every hour against one's brain and heart like stern sea waves,—when the world was quiet, and we all had time to think, to read books about other things than war and revolutions and starving peoples—when we had time to travel, to see and admire and love this fine old world we live in. Of one of these travel-years I would like to speak.

Where did I go? What did I see?

You have sometimes seen a searchlight thrown out over wide spaces, now illuminating for an instant a great building, now falling upon a ship in a harbor, now sweeping across a whole city, now bringing into momentary view a headland or a mountainside. As brief and fragmentary as these instantaneous light-flashes must be the glimpses I am to offer of my year's journeyings over seas and lands.

Into the panorama of my year came not only many things but many *classes* of things.

Among the more important I may mention *seas* and *oceans*, on a scale such as I had never seen before; the broad and restless Atlantic, one of the most stormy of seas, but for the world's commerce the most important; the vessel-crowded North Sea; the blue Adriatic, with its picturesque shores; the island-studded Aegean; the historic Mediterranean, alive in every inch with memories of classic times; the beautiful Sea of Galilee, on whose sacred shores Jesus called his disciples; the wierd and deep-sunken Dead Sea, walled in by desolate cliffs, and sulphurous with legends of Sodom; the Red Sea, now a highway for the commerce of many nations, but in thought indissolubly connected with the story of Moses and Children of Israel; and the great and peaceful Arabian Sea, crossing which one finds himself face to face with the strange and wonderful land of India.

Still more conspicuous in our panorama than seas and oceans, are the *countries* which it was my privilege to visit; England, the finest, the most highly cultivated, and the center of the world's commerce, civilization and power; France, a garden on the scale of an empire, with a people alert, progressive, the vanguard of liberty among the larger nations of the old world; Holland, a fascinating land, with her windmills, her canals and dikes, her green areas rescued from the sea, her people honest, sturdy, freedom-loving; Germany, situated in the very heart of Europe, the land of music, the home of scholarship, her people fitted to be the intellectual leaders of the world except for the tyranny of her army, her [then] emperor and her state church; Switzerland, glorious for her mountains, and for the intelligence, bravery and liberty-loving character of her sons; Italy, fairest of lands and most historic, but oh! so burdened by the exactions of her ecclesiastical hierarchy; Greece, sunniest of lands, beneath bluest of skies, encircled by the finest of seas, her every mountain, hill and headland crowned by ancient art or enshrined by ancient story, her people struggling against terrible odds, but with a bravery that should command the respect of the world, to become once more a nation among the nations, and to make their beloved Athens again a home of art and learning; Egypt, most ancient and most mysterious of lands, with temples and pyramids that make even Greece and Rome seem modern, but with her glory as well as her monuments buried beneath the sands of the desert; Palestine, the most sublime, yet the most desolate and pathetic of lands, her every rock and mountain and spring famous, her historic names sacred and woven inextricably into the best literature of the western world, yet with the race that made her great scattered over the globe, and a people of an alien faith inhabiting her soil and ruling her fortunes; and finally India, vast, strange, wonderful, a combination of all climates, the habitat of many races, the home of one-fifth of the human family, for thousands of years abreast of the world's highest civilization, the creator of one of the world's greatest literatures, today, alas! a subject land, chafing under a foreign yoke, but struggling to be free, and opening her doors to western ideas and western progress more widely than any other land of the Orient except Japan!

The panorama of my rich year reveals picturesque, majestic and historic *rivers*: The Thames, famous for having on its banks the metropolis of the modern

world; the Avon, which flows past Shakespeare's grave; the "castled Rhine"; the Rhone, mountain-born, and for a long way mountain-engirdled; the "yellow Tiber," on whose banks stood the metropolis of the ancient world; the Abana and the Pharpar, the "rivers of Damascus"; the Jordan, Israel's sacred stream; the mighty and mysterious Nile, the creator of Egypt; the Brahmaputra, the most majestic of all the great rivers of India; the Ganges, the most sacred river of the earth.

Prominent in the panorama also rise *mountains*—mountain chains, isolated mountain peaks, mountains snow-crowned, mountains fiery-lipped, mountains grand, awful, inaccessible, mountains serene and peaceful; the summer-robed mountains of Wales that woo one to their summits as to a paradise; the Austrian Alps, in autumn with many of their slopes clad in foliage almost as brilliant as that which adorns and glorifies our own Alleghenies, our Catskills or our Adirondacks in October; the Swiss and Italian Alps, arrayed in the exquisite loveliness of May; frowning Vesuvius with buried towns at his feet; Mt. Lycabettus standing like a sentinel to guard his beloved city of the Virgin; Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, for 2,000 years the landward walls and protectors of the ancient Phœnician cities; Hermon, whose crystal crown shining in the sun shoots spears of light to watching eyes on all the heights of Palestine; the Mountain of the Beatitudes, on whose summit I read with uncovered head the matchless words of Jesus spoken there: Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal, the twin mountains of Israel's blessing and cursing; the Mount of Olives, on whose bosom lies Gethsemane, to a Christian the most sacred mountain on all the earth; the Mountains of Sinai, whose scarred and barren peaks I saw in the blue distance from my steamer deck as I sailed down the Gulf of Suez; the Ghats of India, walling in and jealously guarding their beloved land on the East and the West; and the mighty Himalayas, up whose heights I climbed to an elevation of 8,000 feet, whence I could see, across the awful chasms that stretched between, the two loftiest mountain summits in the world.

But not alone the works of Nature—the works of Man, also, my panorama reveals.

Cities, the greatest and most famed in the world, rise up before us: London, covering an area as large as a county, containing a population equal to that of many a great state, and possessing more wealth and more of the best products of civilization than many an empire; Oxford and Cambridge, England's great university cities; Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield, her great manufacturing centers; Brighton and Bournemouth, her great seaside watering places; Rotterdam and Amsterdam, Venices of a northern clime; Paris, two-thirds as large as London, and the most brilliant capital in the world; Berlin, a splendid modern city, reminding one of New York; Dresden, quaint and beautiful, rich in music and art; Prague, a fourteenth century city in full life and activity set down in the midst of the nineteenth century; Venice, a dream city; Florence, a poem; Naples, a surprise and a fascination; Rome, a memory, a hope, and a despair; Athens, a memory, a joy and an inspiration; Jerusalem, a place to weep; Cairo, a place to be amazed and bewildered; Bombay, Calcutta and Madras, great and splendid metropolitan cities, in which the East and the West, England and India, meet and mingle as nowhere else; "Delhi, the Rome of Asia," the capital of the old Mogul Empire, a modern city standing in the midst of thirty square miles of most impressive ruins, and on soil in which lie buried eight or nine preceding cities; Benares, the religious capital of India, to which the devout in every city and village from the Himalayas to Ceylon, and from the Brahmaputra to the Indus, look with longing eyes, praying that if they may not worship in its temples, at least that their ashes, after they are dead, may be borne thither by some pious friend, and there be committed to the waters of the sacred Ganges.

Even yet the panorama is not ended. As it moves on, scenes even more interesting still come into view. Man finds his supreme interest, not in nature, but in humanity. It is where *men have lived great lives,* and *done great deeds,* that we all care most to go.

I see a bare commonplace spot among the hills; nothing about it interests me, and I pass on. One stops me and says, "Sir, do you know that on that spot was fought and won a great battle in humanity's struggle for freedom?" I go back, uncover my head, and gaze on the place with a beating heart and eyes now moist with tears.

I pass by a small, plain house in a village street. Nothing about it attracts me. In an hour I should have forgotten that I had ever seen the place. But I am told that here lived, or died, or did his work, one of the great leaders and benefactors of his time. The house is no longer commonplace. It is transfigured and glorified by its connection with the great life.

Thus it is that the world comes to be filled with *sacred places.*

My year of wandering took me to many such. It was in such places that I lingered longest; it was from the feelings awakened there that life took on its loftiest meanings; it was going away from such places that I carried away holiest memories: Westminster Abbey, England's noblest mausoleum, where her great dead forever speak; George Eliot's grave in Highgate; Carlyle's house in Chelsea, where he wrote his Cromwell and his Frederick; Rugby Chapel, where Arnold impressed himself with such moral power upon the young life of England; Frederick Robertson's church in Brighton, where that heroic soul preached the sermons which were such prophet messages from God to stir England's dead conservatism; the church in Birmingham where Priestley proclaimed truth in advance of his time, at the risk of his life, until stopped by the burning of his church by a mob; Red Lodge in Bristol, where Mary Carpenter organized and carried on that Industrial School for Girls which was such a candle in the darkness of England's educational night; Worms, where Luther stood by his conscience and reason, and defied the power of the Roman Catholic Church; the spot in the Campo de Fiori, in Rome, where Bruno was burned, and where the splendid monument in his honor now stands; the dungeon in the prison of Chillon where Bonivard suffered for being a friend and champion of liberty; Tell's country about Lake Lucerne, where so many great deeds have been done for freedom, if not by Tell then by many another whose spirit the Tell legend commemorates; the field of Marathon and the Bay of Salamis, where Greek civilization triumphed over Asiatic half-civilization; the Bema where

Demosthenes delivered his matchless oration against the tyrannous designs of Philip; the rock-cut prison in which legend says grand old Socrates drank the hemlock; the place in India where the great religious reformer, Buddha, preached his first sermon; the spot in Calcutta where the great modern reformer and prophet of God, Keshub Chunder Sen, was born, and that other spot near by where rest his ashes; the paths all up and down Palestine trodden by the sacred feet of Jesus; the mountain height where he wept over Jerusalem, and the city where he suffered his heroic martyrdom.

These are a few of the famous, the historic, the sacred places to which I was permitted to make pilgrimage, and in which the interest of my year abroad culminated.

Today as I look back on my *annus mirabilis,* my *wander-jahr,* do I think of it as dead? Do I say

I will hew thee a tomb?

Rather do I say,

There is no death for such a year.

And now, that the Great and Awful War, which for more than four bitter years practically banished travel from the earth for any purposes but those of hate and human slaughter, is over (over in a sense at least), how soon will our beautiful old world, healed of her ghastly battle-scars, and smiling again with her old loveliness, invite us all once more to happy travel-pilgrimages over her blue seas and glorious lands, and under warless skies?

SELECTED

Contemporary English and American Poetry

I

Mr. Louis Untermeyer has rendered a great service to lovers of literature by his publication of "Modern British Poetry,"* an anthology which comes as a welcome companion volume to his earlier "Modern American Poetry."** One is amazed, as always in such cases, at some of the editor's selections and omissions, particularly in his collection of American verse. "The Man with the Hoe," for example, does not appear in the Edwin Markham group of poems; and that immortal lyric, "When Malindy Sings," is omitted from the Paul Lawrence Dunbar group. Only one poem is allowed to such masters of contemporary poetry as William Vaughn Moody, George Edward Woodberry, John G. Neihardt, Percy Mackaye and Richard Le Gallienne, while two, three and sometimes four selections are granted such ephemeral writers as Carolyn Wells, Franklin P. Adams, Gelett Burgess and Oliver Herford. We marvel, also, as we note the inclusion of John Kendrick Bangs, J. A. Daly, Don Marquis, Alter Brody, Haniel Long, Orrick Johns, etc., why such true poets as Philip Savage, Father Tabb, Olive Dargan, Herman Hagedorn and Harry Kemp do not appear at all. And it seems astonishing that one who has in recent years done so much for poetry in America as Harriet Monroe, should have no mention.

Queries of this kind are less serious in the case of Mr. Untermeyer's more recent collection of British poetry. This volume has been more carefully edited, is better balanced as regards both poets and poems, and may be said to be as representative as the taste and skill of any one compiler can make it. The selections from Thomas Hardy, to be sure, give scarcely a suggestion of the gloomy depths and shadowed heights of this titanic genius. The lovely art of Robert Bridges seems to us most inadequately represented. There is disproportion in the assignment of less than three pages each to such poets as these two, and nine pages to a man like Gilbert K. Chesterton. Furthermore, we wish that Masefield's poem to his mother had been included; we marvel a bit that Kipling's "The Return," "The Conundrum of the Workshops," and "An Astrologer's Song" should be given precedence over the "Recessional," "The English Flag," "The Bell Buoy" and *"L'Envoi";* we are inclined to think that Oscar Wilde's "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," in spite of its length, should appear. And when we recollect the many humorous selections given space in the American anthology, we deplore that W. E. Gilbert was not given a chance to contribute a glint of his inimitable fun to its British counterpart.

These are matters, however, of taste, fancy, personal opinion or even whim, not of serious criticism. They mean simply that we are not Mr. Untermeyer. Collections of this sort, after all, should properly be immune from such charges as are here specified or suggested. We are in duty bound, in the case of an anthology, to take what is given us—grateful for the gems chosen and offered, and forgetful for the moment that there are other gems which may be to us more precious, or with which we chance to be more familiar.

II

Each one of these two books has brought us exceeding delight. But they have chiefly interested us *together,* as two volumes, so to speak, of a single work, presenting what we may call a study in comparative literature. Here is displayed what the two great branches of the English-speaking race are doing in the field of poetry in these our spacious and confusing days. Here is a chance to compare the American and British products, and assess the value of each as measured by the standard of the other. In such comparison, there can be no question that modern British poetry is far superior to American. In quality as little as in quantity do our native singers meet the challenge of their brethren across the sea. Nor is this because of essential weakness or fatuity on the part of the poets of this country. On the contrary, these writers are doing good work—in one particular at least, as we shall see, remarkable work. Rather do they fall short of the British standard because of the amazing richness and power of contemporary poetry in England.

Think of a land which can number among its older poets such men as Thomas Hardy, Robert Bridges, Rudyard Kipling, William Watson, William Butler Yeats, Arthur Symons, and A. E. Housman! Think of a twenty years (1900-1920) which can produce Walter de la Mare, incomparable lyricist, Stephen Phillips, master of poetic drama, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, laureate of the working poor, Alfred Noyes, most versatile of artists, Gilbert K. Chesterton, lusty balladist, and one poet indisputedly of the first rank, John Masefield! Think also of the full-throated chorus

*Modern British Poetry, published (1920) by Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

**Modern American Poetry, published (1919) by Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

which broke into thrilling song during the storm of the Great War—Rupert Brooke, Robert Nichols, Robert Graves, Charles H. Sorley, Francis Brett Young, and Siegfried Sassoon! Never was there more impressive evidence than this last fact, that poetry is instinctive to the soul of Englishmen! Every page of Untermeyer's anthology bears witness that the modern English poet is worthy of his august succession; and that is saying much, for the poetry of England, from Chaucer and Shakespeare to the present day, is incomparably the greatest literary achievement of modern times.

These poets are the bearers of a noble tradition—and they know it; all their work, as faithfully represented in this collection, is marked by a seriousness and devotion of spirit which are fully as notable as the sheer native faculty of song which is everywhere apparent. There is no flippancy in this poetry, no carelessness, no "slouch"; spontaneity is here made consistent with the highest forms of art, popular song ennobled by elevation of style and purpose. Even in such a piece as "Gunga Din," there is a dignity, a grandeur, a tone of exaltation, which are characteristic, sometimes in the highest degree, of these authentic bards. These Englishmen, even in the necessarily fragmentary samples of their work contained in this collection, seem to take on the garb and character of priests. One can almost see them bowing in reverence before altars, or brooding alone in quiet aisles of prayer. They are great poets; and they make English poetry to-day what it has ever been since Elizabethan days, the most inspired and lofty music of the age.

III

Measured by such a standard, modern American poetry is markedly inferior. There are a few writers—William Vaughn Moody, Edwin Markham, Edwin Arlington Robinson, John G. Neihardt—who in their best work can be not unfavorably compared with the best in Britain's choir. Such poets as Edith Thomas, Madison Cawaein, Witter Bynner, Max Eastman, Sara Teasdale, Ridgely Torrence, are worthy companions of many of those named in the book of English verse. Josephine Preston Peabody has produced at least one poetric drama of conspicuous merit. Alan Seegar's "I Have a Rendezvous With Death" is to be numbered among the noblest poems produced by the Great War.

But, as a whole, contemporary American poetry is on a distinctly lower level than contemporary British poetry. There are no such elements of genius in the one case as in the other. Our Americans are smaller men; or, if they be not smaller men, are smaller poets. They feel behind them no such momentum of sublime tradition as their English comrades; they possess within themselves no such innate capacity for poetic expression; they have made little endeavor to develop native faculty by patient modes of artistic and spiritual discipline. One misses in these Americans the authentic note—the depth of thought, the quickness of feeling, the sweep of imagination, the atmosphere of lofty flight, the potency of mastered art, the thrill and magic of pure inspiration, which are always characteristic of first-rate poetry.

Especially is there lacking that spirit of devotion to a divine task, of sanctification to an appointed mission, which is dominant in English song. These British poets are most of them men who are giving their lives to the service of literature as a chosen profession. Many of the American poets, on the contrary, are authors only in an accidental or incidental way. Here in these writers listed in Mr. Untermeyer's collection we find journalists, college professors, editors, a farmer, a lawyer, a social reformer, a book reviewer, a dramatist, a newspaper reporter, and no less than four "colymnists" of the daily press. A vagabond minstrel like Vachel Lindsay, a college man like Witter Bynner, who has from the beginning made poetry his career, a Tennysonian recluse like Edwin Arlington Robinson, wedded in utter devotion to his muse, stand out as almost startling exceptions to the rule.

Inevitable is it, under these circumstances, that American poetry should reach few of the heights, and touch fewer still of the mystic depths, of English verse. In this American anthology, there is an unescapable "college-boy" atmosphere. Too much of this writing is idle play, not sober practice of a sacred art. Too many of these poets take their high function lightly and easily. Here is evidence that the same verdict can be not unjustly pronounced on American poets that Robert Herrick pronounced on American novelists—"that they have the irritating habit of not taking themselves seriously enough." To this judgment there is exception, but in general it is true. Hence a certain carelessness, even commonplaceness, in our native verse! In "modern British poetry," the reader feels himself transported to a realm where shines "the light that never was on land or sea"; he moves as if in a cathedral, glorious with the inspired labors of ages gone, and now glorified anew by artists worthy of their forebears. In "modern American poetry," the reader seldom loses consciousness of the familiar, matter-of-fact world about him. He sees in "the light of common day"; and walks as in some city park, where men come from the toil of the busy hours, to play or "perchance to dream."

IV

We suppose that it is the absence of great tradition—that spiritual capital, created at some happy moment of liberated racial energy, and then preserved, as sustenance to later souls who themselves produce and thus add anew to the accumulated store—which explains the comparative status of contemporary American poetry. From the literary point of view at least, we are a poor people. But if there be life, this very fact of lack is itself but challenge to fresh creation.

And that there *is* life in our poets and thus answer to this challenge, is conspicuously evident in the pages of Mr. Untermeyer's anthology. Distinctive of this collection is a spirit scarce seen at all in the British volume—that of experiment, adventure, pioneering. Nobody can read the work of Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell, John Fletcher, Adelaide Crapsey, Witter Bynner, without seeing that a new realm of poetry is being explored, a new method or type of poetic expression being sought. These writers plainly have no respect for tradition, partly because for them there is no tradition, partly because they are not interested in tradition. They feel not the past, but the present, and still more the future. They are conscious that in this America of ours, sprung from the soil of a score of national cultures other than the English, a new motive is come into the world which knows a new experience, and should properly find a new language for the expression of this experience, and a new art for its sublimation.

What this new language and art are ultimately to be, these contemporary bards know as little as a father of the child that he conceives. What they produce is as ugly often times as unformed foetal life. It seems to us as absurd to find beauty in the "Spoon River Anthology," in "Chicago Poems," in the jazz chants of Vachel Lindsay, as it is unjust to expect beauty. These men are the early singers of a new poetry, and their songs are inevitably as crude as those of the minstrels of an elder day. But life is in them; and from them will spring a literature which to Americans centuries hence will be what the literature of Elizabeth and Anne and Victoria are to modern Englishmen.

This growth of a native poetry is to us the one most important fact in contemporary American literature. Our classic poets were English rather than American. They drew their strength from English sources, and naturally therefore carried on in this country the great tradition of English letters. But these early writers were not without some recognition that their England was not the old England but a *New* England. Longfellow did better than he knew when he chose for his great work such distinctively American themes as Evangeline, Myles Standish, Hiawatha, and the tales of the Wayside Inn. Lowell made a definite contribution to the creation of a new poetic literature when he wove his "Biglow Papers" out of the native substance of Yankee life and speech. Whittier, in his "Snow Bound" produced as native a piece of work as Burns in his "Cotter's Saturday Night." Emerson again and again sounded the authentic note of a new people and a new civilization. But Walt Whitman, a giant despite all his obvious limitations, was the first poet consciously to seek his founts of inspiration in America, and to drink exclusively from their hidden streams. It was this "good gray poet" who first truly heard "America singing," and who in brave, sometimes nobly eloquent, more often rough and uncouth speech, gave voice to this song.

And now about us is a chorus of such singers, our native bards. All too many of them speak the "barbaric yawp" of Whitman. Finding haltingly their own peculiar speech, they use it with raucous violence, and often with amusing pride. For none of them has the sheer native force which was in Walt, and which gave to his stupendous genius an authority which was never in his art; and thus, too weak to soar on even random flights, they flutter close to earth, and boldly claim that this is the place for song. Almost unforgivable is the scoffing indifference of many of these new poets to accepted literary standards, and their self-conscious boast that their own struggling speech is itself a finished art. To all such silliness G. K. Chesterton has suggested fitting rebuke in his characteristic statement that "free verse is no more a new form of poetry than sleeping in a ditch is a new form of architecture." He is wrong only in thinking that these new singers are "sleeping." They are "in a ditch," true enough; but they are there not as sleepers but as builders who lay foundations.

V

What "modern American poetry" lacks in achievement, it makes up in promise. In reading Mr. Untermeyer's collection of British poems, we are lifted by the sense of profound experience, deeply felt and nobly interpreted by mastered art. In this book we find maturity. The American collection by contrast is in large degree experimental, venturous, incomplete. It carries unmistakably the atmosphere of eager yet errant youth. But for that reason does it point the future, and stir to high expectancies of things to be.

The Standard. —*John Haynes Holmes.*

CORRESPONDENCE

The Terrible Lord Fisher

The Editor of UNITY:

If I only knew of Lord Fisher that he had suggested the "Copenhagening" of the German fleet, I might cheerfully join with you in marking his recent death as a blessing to mankind. But having just read the two volumes of his memoirs with uncommon delight, may I run the risk of seeming to be a heathen, in praying that a few of such clear-sighted, simple-hearted, downright, frank, and honest and naturally righteous-minded characters as he was, might be raised up at last to lead the ranks of the peace-makers! Don't forget, to begin with, that he was the foremost English naval officer to put an end to flogging the sailors. But what I wish to set to his unique credit is the fact, that he told the straight truth about the nature of war. Never did he cheat himself or others to think that war is a big game that philanthropists can play with quiet consciences, provided you keep the rules of the game. He saw, and said, like the German von Tirpitz, that war is *ruthless* and *relentless* destruction. He had followed the sea from boyhood and never played the hypocrite by mixing the business of his life with the teaching of a Sunday School. How absurd to think, that it is wicked to lie and kill up to the day, when a high official of a government issues a proclamation of war, and then—presto!—it becomes a holy act to break all the commandments! Let us be glad that there are militarists who have logical minds, and when they go out to fight, propose to make the fighting efficient, immediate, brief, conclusive, and once for all. Therefore, the fastest ships, the heaviest and farthest-reaching guns, the newest engines, the most numerous submarines, the instant use of each most scientific enterprise of deadly destruction! Lord Fisher, a born democrat, tried his best to make the highest places in the service accessible for the sons of the humblest Englishmen. He held that no respectable red-tape and no official precedents should be suffered to endanger the public good. Read his remarkable story, and see how wars are made. It looks as if, with his type of devotion and far-sighted energy in command of the British forces, instead of the stupidities of the politicians, the war might have been rushed to its final issue by the year 1915, to the saving of the infinite distress, hatred, and waste, upon which the helpless world is still gazing.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

Jamaica Plain, Mass., Jan. 26, 1921.

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the great innovator. And if time, of course, alters things to the worse, and wisdom and council shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end?—*Bacon.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

POETRY READINGS AT LINCOLN CENTRE.

Mary Aldis, Chicago poet, dramatist and critic, is giving a course of three lecture-readings from modern poetry on Monday afternoons at 4 o'clock at the Abraham Lincoln Centre under the auspices of its Education Committee of which Mrs. Irwin S. Rosenfels of Oak Park is Chairman. The second number of the group will be given next Monday, February 7, and will discuss the difference in spirit between the war poetry of this last and of earlier wars. Mr. James J. Donnelly will sing the arrangement of Ewer's "Five Souls" which the Fuller Sisters sang during their recent tours in America. The third lecture will take place on Monday, February 14, and will be concerned with the work of some of the modern American poets, including Sara Teasdale, Angela Morgan, Vachel Lindsay, and Edgar Lee Masters. The public is cordially invited to attend these readings. The first number on Monday last attracted an interested group, who found much that is unique and pleasing in Mrs. Aldis' interpretation of the modern poets and her discussion of certain points of technique which they served to illustrate. Admission is fifty cents for each lecture.

IRELAND AND BELGIUM.

(The following article is from an editorial in the New York *American* for January 24, 1921. It is reprinted in UNITY because it repeats, in a striking and interesting manner, many of the arguments and facts employed by pacifists in the effort to prevent the United States from entering the late World War as a belligerent.)

The British military government in Ireland has ordered the troops to destroy the dwelling houses in neighborhoods in which attacks have been made upon soldiers and military policemen. The official statement says that "this action is taken to deter further attacks upon the soldiery and police and as an example to other districts." This is precisely the action taken by the German military government in Belgium five years ago. And the excuse offered by the British military is, word for word and letter for letter, the excuse offered by the German military government.

When the Germans invaded and occupied Belgium the Belgian population was disarmed, just as the Irish population has been disarmed; a curfew ordinance was enforced in Belgium, just as a curfew ordinance is now being enforced by the British military police in Ireland; Belgian men found with arms were shot by the German military police, just as Irishmen found with arms are shot by the British military police; and when a German soldier or a military policeman was killed in any part of a Belgian city, the houses in the vicinity were ransacked, the occupants driven out and the torch applied.

All this was done on the military plea that such action would deter further outrages and be a salutary example to other districts. The only difference between the conduct of the German military authorities in Belgium and the present conduct of the British military authorities in Ireland, is that the reign of terror and bloodshed and destruction in Belgium was limited to the city of Louvain, where four blocks of buildings were destroyed, whereas the reign of terror and bloodshed and destruction in Ireland has already destroyed the better part of the city of Cork, at least a score of flourishing towns, as well as the principal factories and industrial establishments of southern Ireland and has resulted in the slaughter of more than three times the number of Belgians put to death during the whole period of the German occupancy.

* * *

The historical parallel between Belgium and Ireland is very complete, and ought to be studied if one wishes to speak of the Irish question with understanding. There are men now living who were born in the world when Belgium was still part of the Dutch kingdom and when Belgium was still politically subject to Holland, as Ireland is politically subject to England. At that time the Belgians as ardently desired to be independent of Holland as the Irish desire to be independent of England.

Mingled with the political and racial differences which prompted this desire of the Belgians was also the difference in religion. The people of Holland were Protestant and the people of Belgium were Catholic. For many hundreds of years there had existed the same causes of discontent and the same desire for separation which have been so long at the bottom of the hostility of the Irish to English rule.

The Belgians finally began to assert their right to independence and to maintain it and defend it by guerrilla warfare, exactly as the Irish have done. And since it was to the interests of England and France and Prussia to weaken the strength of the Dutch kingdom, these three Powers interfered in the Dutch quarrel, separated Belgium from Holland, set Belgium up as an independent state and guaranteed its security.

They did this by force of arms, England and France sending a strong fleet and assembling a strong army, between them, to compel the acquiescence of Holland in the separation of Belgium from Dutch rule. This forcible division of Holland occurred just ninety years ago, and it was upon the treaty then made between Holland, France and Prussia, guaranteeing Belgium's independence, that the English government based its excuse for entering the war against Germany after the Central Empires had become involved in war with Russia and France.

Thus you will see that with no other difference, save the difference of dates, the struggle of the Irish for independence is an exact likeness of the struggle of the Belgians for independence. And if the United States, with other Powers, should interfere in order to separate Ireland from British rule and to guarantee the neutrality and security of Ireland in the future, they would be doing exactly what the British government, in conjunction with France and Prussia, did in the case of Holland and Belgium within the recollection of some men and women still living.

WRITE TO CONGRESSMEN.

The question of the Naval Holiday as contained in the bill which Senator Borah has introduced in Congress is still awaiting decision. This bill, if passed, would serve at least to put the question of disarmament squarely and plainly before the American people and would be a move in the right direction. Those who desire a lessening of the mad rush toward greater armament should at once write to Congressman James W. Good, Chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, and Senators James W. Wadsworth, Jr., and Carroll S. Page, Chairmen of the Senate Committees on Military and Naval Affairs, respectively, urging the passage of Sentor Borah's bill and the radical cutting of next year's military appropriations. This bill requests Great Britain and Japan to join us in reducing naval construction in the next five years by fifty per cent of the present estimates and figures. It is well to write Senator Borah and also Henry Cabot Lodge, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

IF IT HAPPENED IN AMERICA.

Statement by Secretary of the Interior John Barton Payne

To find a parallel to present famine conditions in the five northern provinces of China it would be necessary to imagine a similar affliction spread over sixteen of our forty-eight American states, according to a statement on the Chinese famine situation given by John Barton Payne, Secretary of the Interior, to the American Committee for China Famine Fund. Secretary Payne appeals to the American public to help "for the sake of humanity, for the sake of our historic friendship with China, for the sake of America herself." His statement follows:

"Every citizen of America should pause to consider this appalling news from China; it is said fifteen million people are starving in her northern provinces.

"A drouth, during which the rainfall decreased from twenty-five to three inches per annum, has made it impossible to grow crops and has deprived the people of food. China is a country that has no surplus of products, even in a year of full crop.

"Had this happened in the United States it would mean that men, women and children equal in number to the population of sixteen of our States would be in dire distress. In China conditions are worse than they could be here, due to inadequate transportation facilities and the lack of modern methods in industry.

"Aside from those, three times as many are directly affected and suffering the effects of the famine.

"A greater and more worthy need for our help could scarcely be imagined.

"Let us give what we can, and give it quickly."

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